

The Sketch.



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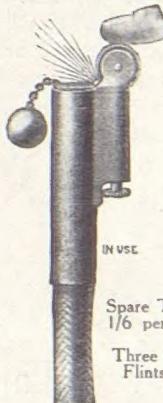
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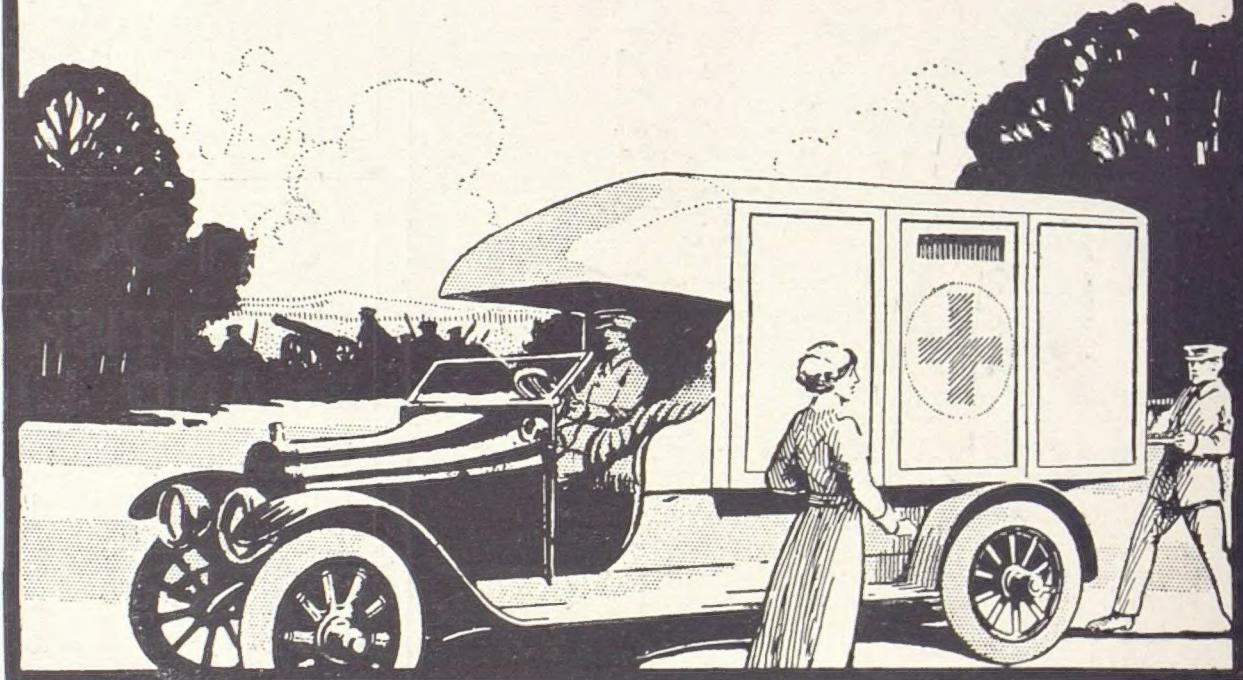
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The wounded

Never in history has better or more skilful attention been given to the wounded than during the present great war, and the petrol-driven motor ambulance and hospital have given invaluable aid in the great work of mercy. Throughout the war-swept area red-cross conveyances of the allied forces are run upon

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The Sketch

No. 1147.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1915.

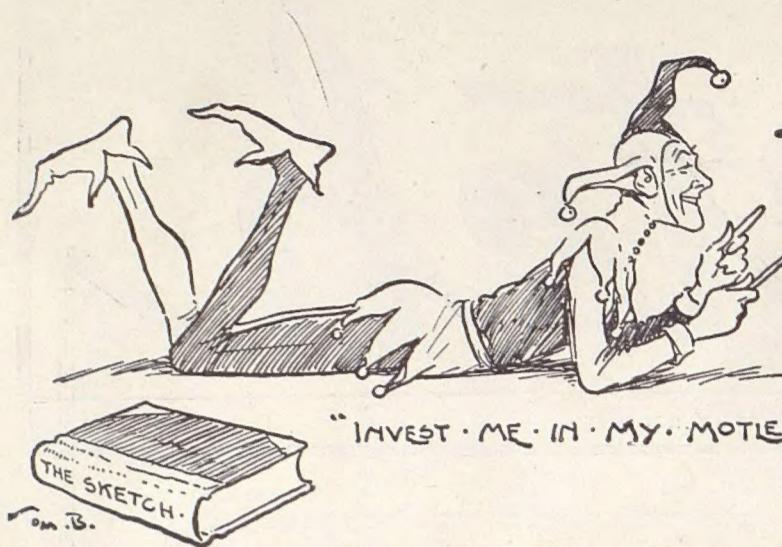
SIXPENCE.



DAUGHTER OF MISS GLADYS COOPER: MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER.

As we note elsewhere, under a portrait of Miss Gladys Cooper, that charming young actress married Mr. Herbert J. Buckmaster in 1908, when she was only nineteen. She has one child, the daughter whose portrait is here given. Her husband is now an officer in the 12th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



Lord Rosebery's Simile.

In a recent eloquent address on the topic of enlistment—a topic that our orators may wipe off their slates sooner than many of our young loafers expect—Lord Rosebery spoke of England and Germany as “two great nations fighting with their backs to the wall.” When I read this speech, I happened to be in bed—as I still am—with the usual influenza-cold. There is nothing like an influenza-cold to increase one’s powers of imagery, and I spent the remainder of that day picturing two warriors with their backs to the wall.

First of all, I saw these combatants on opposite sides of a huge drill-hall. Each stubbornly refused to leave his own particular wall, and I was much worried to discover how they could carry on the fight with so much space between their four fists. Presently I came to the conclusion that Lord Rosebery did not see his fighters with their backs to opposite walls, but with their backs to the same wall. They would thus be side by side. But two men, side by side, with their backs to a wall, can fight in a lateral direction only; in other words, with half their strength. Was this, I wondered, the subtle meaning of his Lordship? Surely not! Germany, at any rate, is not fighting with half her strength. She knows better than that. She is fighting with all her strength. Whether she has her back to the wall or not, she is hitting out with full force.

Reluctantly, therefore, I must give it up and await Lord Rosebery’s lucid and kindly explanation.

How to Air a Sick-Room.

Since there are, at the present moment, thousands and thousands of people suffering from the same complaint as myself, I should like to hand on a useful little bit of information acquired yesterday from my doctor. I am sure he will not mind, and if the tip is stale news to any reader, he may let his anger drown in a sweet flood of self-complacency.

“When you want to air a sick-room,” said my doctor, “the patient being still in bed, you should not open a window and keep it open for any length of time. If you do that, the atmosphere of the room will become so chilled that it will take quite an hour for the thermometer to reach the necessary ‘sixty’ again. First, get your room quite warm and the fire bright. Then, your patient being well under the bed-clothes, fling open all the windows and the door for a very few minutes. The room will at once be filled with fresh air, and the natural warmth of the room and the heat from the fire will warm this fresh air almost immediately. That is the way to air a sick-room.”

This, as I say, was new to me, and it may be new to some of my readers. If it isn’t, I can only apologise in a snuffy voice, and thrust my head under the bed-clothes.

A Dread Message by Night.

It is a great comfort, at such times as these—I am speaking now of the influenza epidemic and not of the war—to have the telephone by the side of one’s bed. One is tempted, perhaps, to ring up one’s friends on a very feeble excuse; at the same time, it is extraordinary how many negotiations of a more or less intricate nature can be carried through which would otherwise be postponed. I hate postponements; I find that they are generally fatal.

On the other hand, the patient with a telephone always at his

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

ear cannot escape the terrors of the outer world. Just as I was dropping into a feverish slumber on Sunday night, for example—by which I mean, from your point of view, friend the reader, Sunday week—the gentle tinkle brought me back to the world again.

“Hullo! Yes! Hullo!”

“How are you?”

“Oh, splendid! Any news?”

“Yes. We’ve just heard that fifty Zeppelins have passed over Dunkirk and are on their way to England. A friend of ours, who is connected with the Red Cross, has been hurriedly sent for.”

“Good! The only comment I have to make on that is that they haven’t got fifty Zeppelins. Good night!”

I slept dreamlessly until eight o’clock on Monday morning.

Talent Going Begging.

“Plenty of talents,” says a writer in an evening paper, “are going begging for want of knowing where to offer them. There are hospitals in the provinces badly under-staffed. I know of one where there were two thousand wounded and sick, and only five nurses—but how to get yourself appointed to them? Tired of knocking at unavailing doors, plenty of women who are ready to do anything and everything, and who are capable and experienced into the bargain, are giving up the ambition of doing large things, and are lending a hand, passing plates and fetching forks for refugees in Paris cantines.”

“Giving up the ambition of doing large things” is a good phrase. When the war first broke out, everybody felt called upon to do large things. Every man felt called upon to prove himself a Napoleon, and every woman felt quite sure that in her lived again the spirit of Florence Nightingale. The men thumped their chests, and squared their shoulders, and made their wills, and wrote to the newspapers. The women arrayed themselves in Red Cross uniforms, and rushed hither and thither in a frantic search for helpless and unresisting wounded.

But the War Office and the Admiralty got along without the men—I am talking, of course, of the staid and slightly protuberant householder—and the women discovered that you must wash basins and plates and cups and floors for two or three years before you are allowed within a mile of a real patient.

War is a dreadful thing. There are thousands of heroes and heroines in England who may never get the chance of displaying the glory of their effulgent souls to a bedazzled world.

A Real Chance for Mr. Carnegie.

But there are some men who might shine, for all that. They are the millionaires. Take, for instance, Mr. Carnegie. I read in one of my morning journals that Mr. Carnegie is “preserving a dignified silence until the war is over.” Well, a fountain-pen is not a very noisy weapon, but Mr. Carnegie could, as he would, make splendid play with this sword of his without waiting for the termination of the war. He has often astonished us in times of peace with the magnificence of his gifts to various towns in our midst. There is one little country which is not quite in our midst, but is certainly in our hearts. Without compromising the neutrality of America, if he is an American citizen, Mr. Carnegie might send such a wave of happiness through Belgium as would never be forgotten. Imagine, towards the close of a long life, being able to pour a healing flood of gold into that deeply afflicted little country! Two minutes with a fountain-pen, and the blessings of thousands and thousands of innocent sufferers! . . . Perhaps the pen is already in hand!

BROUGHT OUT BY THE RAIN: AT MOIST MAIDENHEAD.

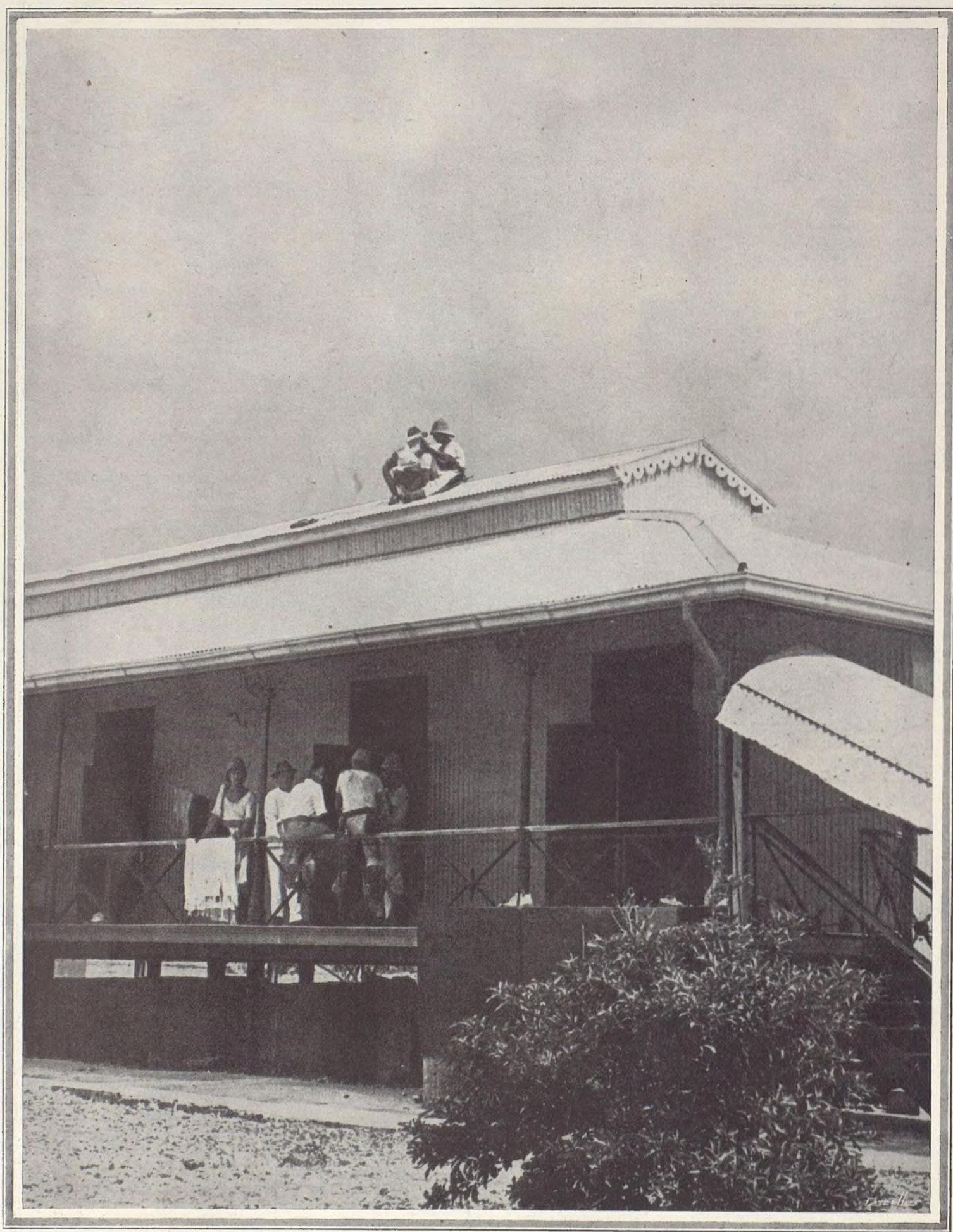


FLOODED WITH KITCHENER'S ARMY AND WITH THAMES WATER! SILHOUETTES FROM A BRITISH INUNDATED AREA.

When the floods are out they bring their humours as well as their inconveniences, as in Maidenhead. Flooded already, but in pleasant fashion, by "Kitchener's Army," the pretty Berkshire town has had to endure another inundation, which it has suffered less gladly; but even that has had its compensation in the queer wading costumes it

has evolved; the unfamiliar spectacle of "Tommy" playing Sir Isumbras; the strange guise in which the river-girl has made her untimely reappearance, and the quaint suggestion of the young couple with whom "many waters quench not love." Their "happy insensibility" is one of the most obvious humours of the inundation.

THE "NEWS" ON A ROOF: WHEN THE "EMDEN" WAS SUNK.



AN ENGLISHMAN AND AN ENEMY GERMAN LOOKING AT WAR - PICTURES IN THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHILE SEATED ON THE ROOF OF THE COCOS CABLE OFFICE: AN INCIDENT OF THE BRIEF SPACE DURING WHICH THE ISLAND WAS UNDER GERMAN MARTIAL LAW.

After the landing-party from the notorious German commerce-raider, the "Emden," had wrecked the Cocos cable-offices on "Direction" Island, they were recalled to their ship. They were on their way to her when she was attacked; and so they put back to the shore. Immediately, the German flag was hoisted on the Island, which was put under martial law. At 12.30 p.m. the guard over the cable staff was withdrawn, and they were allowed to go where they liked. A member of the staff, writing to the "Illustrated London News," said: "The officer in command was entertained at the Superintendent's House, and for a short time the Superintendent,

Doctor, and two or three of us sat round with our 'stengahs' discussing the situation. The smoking-room table was well supplied with the latest illustrated papers (brought down only that day week ago from Singapore), and our guest was much interested in seeing them, at the same time being quite outspoken as to entire disbelief in their contents! Despite their alleged untrustworthiness, a parcel of 'Illustrated London News' and the latest 'Times' was obviously most acceptable." In the photograph, an Englishman and a German are seen on the roof, looking at war-pictures in the "Illustrated London News."—[Photograph by Saunders.]

WAR-WORKERS: THE RED CROSS—IRELAND AND HARROGATE.



RUNNING RED CROSS CLASSES IN COUNTY KILDARE; AND DOING MUCH OTHER WAR-WORK: LADY WELDON (AND HER THREE SONS).

Lady Weldon has started several Red Cross classes in Co. Kildare, organised concerts, and opened a Sunday reading-room for the soldiers in Athy. She is also employing

soldiers' wives on behalf of the W.N.H. Association, for making shirts, in Athy; and has herself collected a large sum for the National Relief Fund. Sir Anthony, who is Hon. Colonel, 4th Batt. Leinster Regiment, is at present commanding a Brigade in Co. Cork.—[Photograph by Poole.]



RUNNING TWO WAR-HOSPITALS AT HARROGATE: THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE—WITH NURSE PRINCESS MARGARET OF DENMARK AND OTHER NURSES.

The Grand Duchess Marie, wife of the Grand Duke George of Russia, and sister of the King of Greece, arrived in England with her two children, and brought them to Harrogate just before war was declared. Being unable to return to Russia, her Imperial Highness started in Harrogate a hospital of twelve beds for wounded soldiers. Later, another house, with fifty beds, was taken, and the Grand Duchess devotes her

time to supervising the work. Her Imperial Highness is seen in the centre of the front row in our photograph, and among the nurses is seen (on the left hand of the Grand Duchess) H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Denmark, who renders assiduous aid in the work of the two hospitals. The uniform of the nurses is mauve, and they wear a badge with the monogram of the Grand Duchess in mauve on a white ground.

Photograph by Topical.

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LEWES EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, and 11.15 a.m., 12.0, 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 and 9.55 p.m. London Bridge 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 5.56 (not Sats.), 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39 and 9.55 p.m. † To Lewes and Eastbourne only.
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Eight (Oct. 7 to Dec. 30, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE DAYLIGHT TORPEDO-BOAT: THE SUBMARINE.*

264 Submarines; Much as the submarine, the torpedo, and the mine are discussed, few save those immediately concerned with them have anything but the haziest idea as to the extent of the under-water warfare now being waged as a preliminary to the titanic struggle of the "Day." Two hundred and sixty-four below-seas craft are engaged—the submarine fleets of Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan, Germany, and Austria—two hundred and sixty-four, with crews totalling some twenty thousand officers and men: that, to say nothing of the many employed less directly in connection with this phase of naval fighting, and those who are called to mine-laying, mine-sweeping, or torpedo duty. For the submarine demands much surface work. There must be submarine floating-docks for the cripples; experts in submarine construction; seaplanes to search for those dark patches in the semi-transparent sea-green which denote the presence of submarines or mines; attendant ships for the aerial scouts; destroyer flotillas to fight the submarines and ward them off the capital ships; and, in addition, constructors of under-water defences.

The Submarine as Ocean Cruiser.

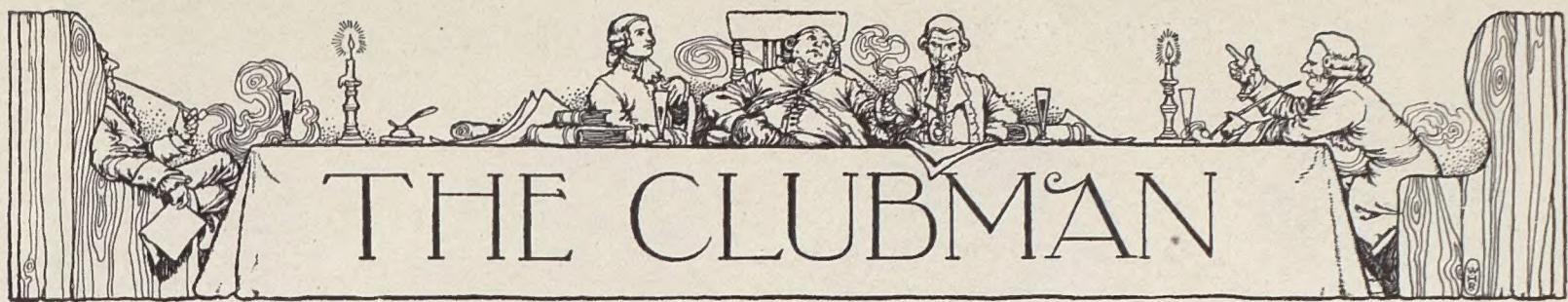
All of this is of vital importance, for the submarines of to-day are by no means those of yesterday. They have gained immeasurably in safety, efficiency, size, and armament; have come to deserve the name "Daylight Torpedo-Boat." Indeed, "they are rapidly passing beyond the purely torpedo and coastal defensive stage, and are taking on to themselves the rôle of the ocean-cruiser. The size of these vessels has increased from 50 to 1000 tons' displacement in ten years. They now carry not only a considerable number of the largest size torpedo, but also quick-firing guns for repelling attacks by small surface vessels, and are capable of accompanying fleets to sea. . . . The radius of action of the latest vessels both of the British and French navies amounts to several thousand miles. In the case of the British "F" class, the displacement has risen to 1500 tons, the speed to 20 knots, and the armament to six torpedo-tubes and four 12-pounder quick-firing guns. . . . The torpedo . . . is itself a submarine projectile. . . . The extreme effective range and speed has risen from 4000 yards at 18 knots to 7000 yards at 45 knots or 11,000 yards at 30 knots.

The "Daylight Torpedo-Boat" idea. The name is obviously good. "For a torpedo attack to be successful, it is absolutely necessary for the vessel carrying the weapon to get within about 1000 yards of the object of attack. The difficulty of accomplishing this manœuvre with an enemy on the alert is easily apparent; but if the attacking vessel can creep up to within torpedo range unobserved her chances of sinking the enemy are decidedly good, and it is the quality possessed by the submarine of making herself invisible by sinking beneath the surface and approaching her enemy 'seeing but unseen' that makes this type of vessel the ideal torpedo-boat. But, like everything else, there are limits to its use, for a submarine, although it can navigate on the surface like an ordinary torpedo-boat, cannot deliver a submerged attack at night owing to the periscopes, which are the 'eyes' of these under-water fighting-ships, being useless in the dark. When night covers the sea, however, the chances of the fast grey-painted surface torpedo-boat or destroyer being able to approach the enemy unseen are more than doubled, and in this way fleets become exposed to submarine torpedo attack by day and surface torpedo attack by night." It may be added, too, that occasionally a submarine may do its work at night, when not running submerged.

Defence Against Submarines.

"Invisibility," as has been noted before, is the submarine's great asset. "When travelling submerged, with only the thin periscope tube above the surface, it is almost impossible to detect the approach of a submarine before she gets within torpedo range; and when cruising on the surface she is equally as invisible at a distance of a few miles." The parries to her thrusts are several. "Great speed is undoubtedly a surface ship's most reliable defence; and, when combined with a frequent change of course, would greatly reduce the chances of a successful under-water attack." Further, a surface vessel will turn her stern to the attacking flotilla, to offer as small a target as possible and to deflect the torpedoes by her propeller race; and skilful use of the helm will make for safety. To this may be added: "Quick-firing guns of the 3-inch and 6-inch types are certainly the best weapons for an attack on submarines. In combination with 'sharp look-outs,' they could be used with effect from the elevated positions on the fore-part of war-ships. Submarines, too, may be rammed—sunk by torpedo-boat-destroyers surrounding and guarding the big ships. Harbours are defended by submerged wire-entanglements, mines, and booms.—An exceedingly interesting book, "Submarines, Mines, and Torpedoes in the War." By Charles W. Domville-Fife, Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; Daily Telegraph War-book; 1s. net.)

* "Submarines, Mines, and Torpedoes in the War." By Charles W. Domville-Fife. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; Daily Telegraph War-book; 1s. net.)



THE CLUBMAN

GORMANDS, GOURMETS, AND THEIR GRUMBLES : K-BREAD AND CAVIAR.

War and the Kitchen.

The Kaiser and his Staff and the Saxon Court are eating K-bread, and pretending that they like it; and no doubt the other Courts of Germany will follow their example, and try to shame Berlin and other big towns into thriftiness. Berlin, as yet, has refused to see any reason why it should not eat its white bread as usual; while the municipality is trying to dragoon the Berliners into thriftiness. The bakers are not allowed to bake at night—this, no doubt, being to limit the output of bread; the restaurant-keepers have been forbidden to give their customers free bread; and the municipality has issued a war cookery-book setting forth what tasty dishes can be made with materials of which Germany has plenty. Rye-soup is especially recommended as being very satisfying.

A Wail from the Kaiserhof.

The head cook—I am sure he would object to being called the *chef*—of the Kaiserhof (one of the very big hotels in Berlin—a hotel which boasts an over-decorated adaptation of our Carlton Palm Lounge) has addressed a wail to one of the Berlin newspapers on the deficiency of delicacies owing to the war. It seems that the Allies are not only going to starve the common people of Germany into submission, but that they are at the present time inflicting exquisite torture on the gluttons of the capital by cutting off from them their beloved delicacies. England is taking her share in this good work, for fresh asparagus—most of which, I think, is grown under glass at Worthing—and English hot-house beans no longer reach Berlin; and the Kaiserhof cook, with much pathos, laments that the turbot, the soles, and the lobsters that come from Holland and Norway and the German coast cannot be compared with the fish that Berlin usually imports from Grimsby.

A "Beloved" Sauce.

Even more annoying than the inferior fish that Berlin gourmets must now eat is the stoppage of the import of what Herr Max Schlichter terms the "beloved Worcester Sauce." The Worcester Regiment in the present campaign is amongst those who have especially distinguished themselves, and Worcester is doing its duty in another way during the war in depriving the Berliners of their favourite sauce. Berlin has tried to manufacture a substitute, but the Kaiserhof cook is not enthusiastic concerning it.

Smuggled French Cheeses.

France is also doing its duty nobly in disturbing the digestion of the Berlin gluttons, for all the best truffles come from France, and those that

were wanted that the Germans had made their preparations long in advance for the present war it is to be found in the fact that sufficient caviar was imported during the spring to last throughout the present winter, and in Hamburg and in Berlin the German gourmand still sits down to supper with his tin or bowl of caviar sunk in crushed ice in front of him.

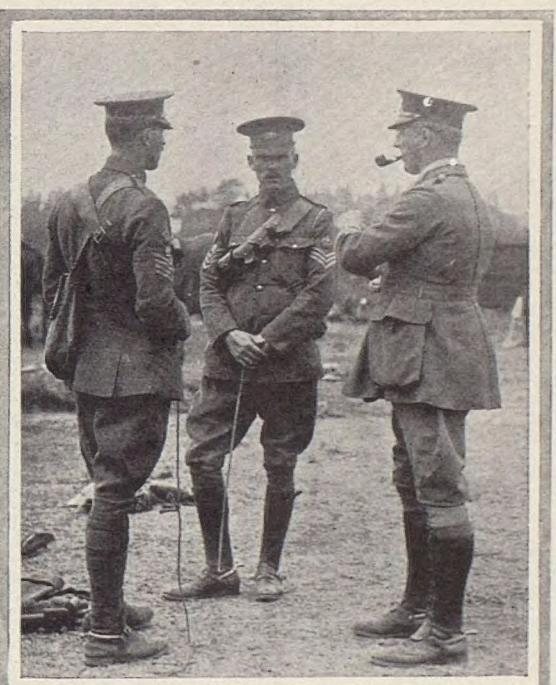
K-Bread.

bread-crusts, which are usually thrown into the pig's-trough, are now grated fine and are used in dishes which require bread-crumbs. What in cookery is usually known as a "crouûte" is no longer recognised in the Kaiserhof kitchen, as being a useless expenditure of flour, and the staff of the kitchen is in future to follow the Kaiser's example and to eat K-bread, concerning which the head cook writes, "It is deplorable that it has not become popular," and expresses his opinion that a good thick slice of this bread with plenty of dripping on it is really a delicacy.

The Delicacies We Lose.

The only delicacies that, to my knowledge, we have foregone

Herr Schlichter is determined that no one shall accuse his kitchen of waste, and he tells how



EQUALLY AT HOME IN ARTS AND ARMS : MAJOR LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN, OF THE WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS.

Lord Howard de Walden (on the reader's right) is a Major in the Westminster Dragoons. Everyone knows his keen devotion in ordinary times to art and the drama. He is the eighth Baron of his line, and was born in 1880. He has done duty as a subaltern in the crack 10th Hussars, and saw fighting in South Africa. He holds two commissions, as Major of the Westminster Dragoons (2nd County of London Yeomanry) and as Hon. Colonel of the 4th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers. He married three years ago (next month) Miss Margarita Van Raalte, daughter of the late Charles Van Raalte of Brownsea Island, Dorset, and has a twin son and daughter at home.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

in London this winter owing to the war are the Strasburg *pâtés-de-foies-gras* that usually reach London about Christmas time. The Germans, I suppose, have this year eaten all their own fatted goose-livers; but, curiously enough, there has also been a scarcity in London of the *pâtés* of duck-liver and goose-liver which come from the Midi of France. Whether these *pâtés* have not been made this year owing to the shortage of labour in France, or whether the difficulties of transport have prevented their reaching London in any number, I do not know, but one of my friends who usually sends these *pâtés* as his Christmas presents tells me he was unable to obtain the number he wanted this Christmas. Caviar is still on the bills-of-fare of our restaurants, and I daresay some of it reaches England by the Archangel route, and, no doubt, some comes through the northern neutral countries. But there has not been the great show there usually is of caviar in the provision merchants' windows at Christmas time. Asparagus and those fresh fruits and vegetables that have been cut off from Berlin are all to be obtained in London, and I notice that our manufacturers of mineral waters are not neglecting their opportunity, and have found substitutes very closely resembling Apollinaris, Giesshübler, and other waters that are imported from enemy countries. I personally miss my little stone jar of Apollinaris, just as I miss my pint of good Moselle, but I am too patriotic to eat or drink anything that comes from an enemy country, so I drink French white wine and English table-waters and do not grumble.



TO BRING GOOD LUCK TO THE CORPS : "WOLF"—THE MASCOT OF THE 2ND BATTALION LONDON SCOTTISH.

The newly raised 2nd Battalion of the London Scottish, which filled up its ranks with a rush in the enthusiasm prevalent on the news reaching London of the splendid gallantry of the men of the 1st Battalion in their first fight in Flanders, have just had "Wolf" presented to them.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

are found in Germany are not only few in number but very inferior in quality. The Kaiserhof cook boasts that all the best of the French cheeses are still smuggled into Germany through Switzerland; and the French Government may well take a hint from this and adopt as many precautions to prevent cheese reaching Germany by land as we are taking to prevent copper reaching it by sea. If a proof

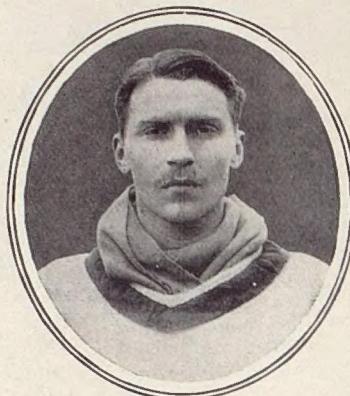
WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



LIEUT-COLONEL GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST—FOR DENYING THAT HE HAS BEEN "SHOT IN ENGLAND AS A SPY."



BANDSMAN T. E. RENDLE—FOR WINNING THE V.C. AND SHOWING IN SUCH SPLENDID STYLE "WHAT CORNISH LADS CAN DO."



MR. E. D. HORSFALL—FOR RECOGNISING THAT THE ONLY BOAT RACE THIS YEAR MUST BE IN THE NORTH SEA.



MR. LIONEL MACKINDER—FOR MAKING SO FINE AND SOLDIERLY AN EXIT FROM THIS WORLD'S STAGE.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Cornwallis-West has publicly denied the "persistent rumours that he has been 'shot in England as a spy.'" He has commanded since September one of the battalions of the Royal Naval Division which fought at Antwerp.—Bandsman Rendle, of the 1st Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, received the V.C. "for conspicuous bravery on Nov. 20 near Wulverghem, when he attended to the wounded under very heavy shell and rifle fire, and rescued men."—Mr. E. D. Horsfall, President

Photographs by Barnett, Sport and General, Ellis and Walery, and Topical.



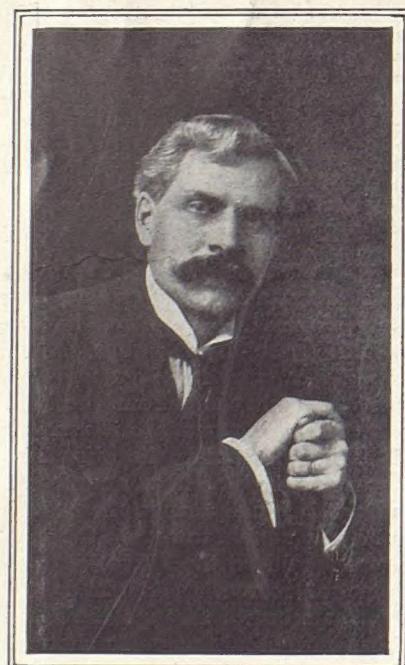
GENERAL BOTHA—FOR GIVING UP GOLF FOR REBEL-CHASING AND GETTING DE WET IN A DIFFERENT SORT OF BUNKER.

Our photograph of General Botha shows him playing golf with General De Wet (not visible) at the Pretoria County Club before the rebellion.—The Earl of St. Germans, who is a clever amateur comedian as well as an all-round sportsman, recently amused the



THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN (X)—FOR ENLIVENING THE TRENCHES WITH AN IMPERSONATION OF HARRY TATE IN "MOTORING."

men in the trenches by appearing as Harry Tate in "Motoring." The Earl is a Lieutenant in the Scots Greys, and obviously an appreciator of Harry Tate's funniest and cleverest sketch.—[Photographs by Sport and General, and Lamb.]



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.—FOR BEING A LABOUR M.P. AND REALISING THE POSSIBLE NECESSITY OF CONSCRIPTION.



PRIVATE J. L. C. JENKINS—FOR DECIDING TO SERVE UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL FRENCH INSTEAD OF COLONEL BOGEY.



MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS—FOR BEING AT ONCE THE DOYEN AND THE MOST UP-TO-DATE OF WAR-ARTISTS.



MR. C. B. COCHRAN—FOR FINDING HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE AMBASSADORS' OF VERY PRACTICAL USE IN MANAGING AN EMPIRE.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald recently said that "if the policies that made the war were to continue, then the war had given arguments in favour of conscription that were absolutely unanswerable."—Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins, the Amateur Golf Champion, has enlisted as a private in the 5th Batt. Cameron Highlanders.—Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous war-artist of the "Illustrated London News," though the only survivor of the old school of his

craft, is at the same time one of the most active and virile of those now serving in the war. He was among the few representative Press-men recently invited by the French Government to visit the front.—Mr. C. B. Cochran, Lessee and Manager of the Ambassadors' Theatre, was recently appointed General Manager of the Empire, Leicester Square.—[Photographs by Lena Connell, Sport and General, L.N.A., and Hoppé.]

"TIPPERARY": ITS COMPOSER-AUTHORS; AND PUBLISHER.

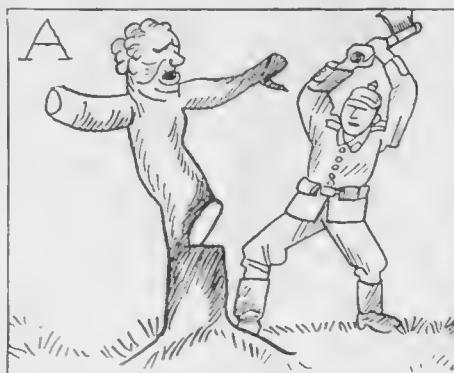


THE MAKERS OF "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY": MR. HARRY WILLIAMS, PART-COMPOSER AND AUTHOR; MR. BERT FELDMAN, THE PUBLISHER; AND MR. JACK JUDGE, PART-COMPOSER AND AUTHOR (LEFT TO RIGHT).

"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," the universal song among the British soldiers at the front and in training, is the work of two men—Mr. Jack Judge, well known as a music-hall singer, and Mr. Harry Williams, who collaborated in words and music. The former, it is understood, was chief author and composer. Messrs. Feldman accepted it after it had been rejected in several other quarters; and even after its publication, in 1912, the sales hung fire. Then it was that Mr. Feldman

prophesied that the world would one day ring with the song. There is no need to point out how remarkably that prophecy has been fulfilled. It is stated that nearly two million copies have been sold in Great Britain since the war broke out, and nearly three millions in the United States. Mr. Judge first sang "Tipperary" in the provinces; and Miss Florrie Forde sang it in the Isle of Man in 1913. Who has not sung it since?—[Photograph by B. Feldman and Co., Publishers of the Song.]

A GERMAN ALPHABET OF HATE: THE A TO Z OF OUR ENEMY'S



A is for Asquith, whose dreams are so rash :
He thinks he's a hatchet, when he's merely an ash.



B's for Britannia's brothers-in-arms.
At Döberitz many are safe from alarms.



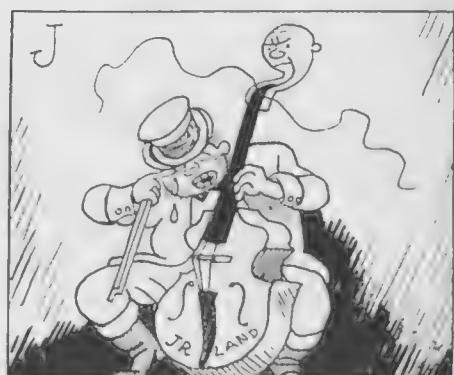
C is for Churchill, a man of much rant.
He's well in his element doling out cant.



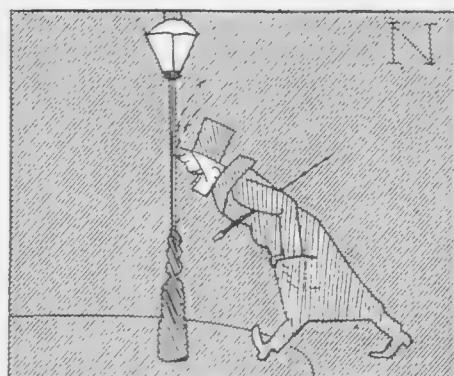
G's for "Gold-bricker," now the same thing as Grey—
A statement to which not a man will say nay.



H is for Highlander, with sporran and kilt,
Whose heart's in his boots whene'er blood is spilt.



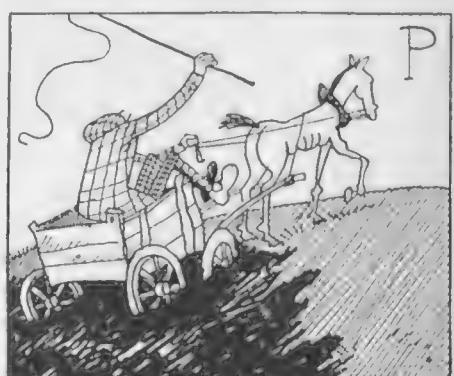
J is for Ireland, an out-of-tune 'cello,
Found by John Bull a most difficult fellow.



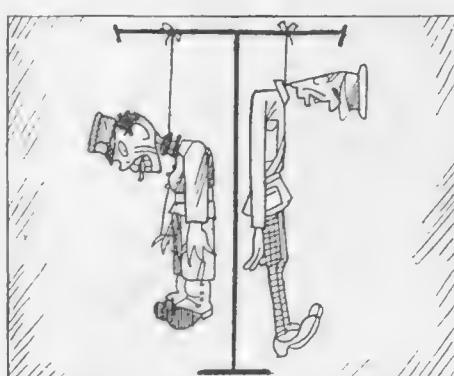
N is for Night, perpetual "fogs,"
Which Londoners feel like a home for lost dogs.



O's for Offensive : when it's near lakes,
The Russian retreats in a couple of shakes.



P is for Portugal : out of the bog,
To draw other's carts is the work of a dog.



T is for Tsingtao : we still give it thought.
Tears are all useless ; revenge must be sought.



U (No. 9) is an undersea boat :
In the Englishman's jug it may gallantly float !



V is for Voodoo and crowds of black vultures,
Cousins of England, friend of the "cultures."

BITTERNESS—AS SHOWN IN ONE OF HIS “COMIC” PAPERS.



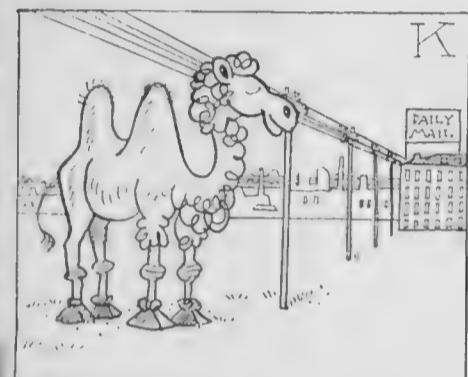
D is for Deutscher, who 'll soon take, as base,
The British fort, Dover, a fine landing-place.



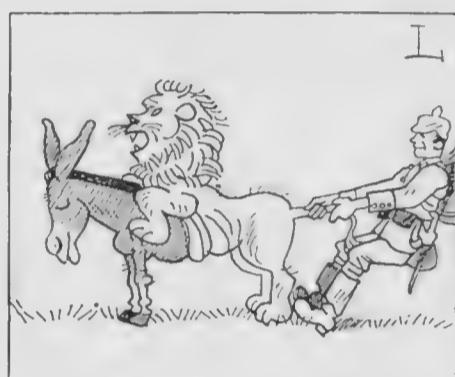
E is for “Engel” and also for “Engelland.”
A protest's been lodged by the Heavenly band.



F is for Football and likewise for French:
Both are well kicked from trench into trench.



K is for infamous “Daily Mail” “Kables”;
None but a “Kamel” could relish such fables.



L is for Lion, the mere skin of an ass,
Removed by brave Germans attacking in mass.



M is for Moslim, a friend of the Turk,
Who will knock British milk-drawers into the muck.



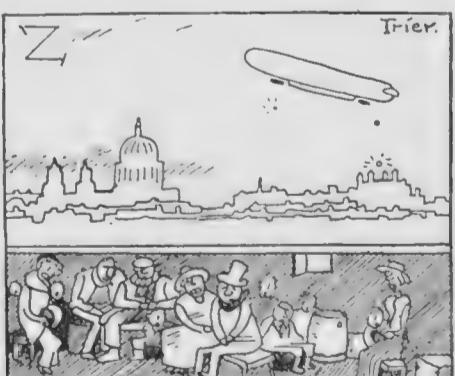
R's for Recruit, who swaggers in khaki.
In London to see one is really quite larky.



S stands for the Succour our foes give the weak!
The sat-upon frequently know how to squeak.



Y is for Ypres—a jumping-off place.
You can see the fear written on Johnnie Bull's face.



Z is for Zepp: when they hear its propeller,
Every brave Londoner shakes in his cellar.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

LADY CASTLEREAGH.

IT is but the other day—or, strictly speaking, a matter of months—since Lady Castlereagh helped to do the honours of Londonderry House on the occasion of a royal dinner. The Queen had the German Ambassador on her left, and Princess Lichnowsky was next the King; Lady Castlereagh wore her diamonds; the table was set with the family's famous Sèvres china and Waterford glass, and Herr Gottlieb's Viennese orchestra played selections from the "Rosenkavalier." A few months, and such things are thrown so far into the past that the barest description of them sounds like a page—with anachronisms—out of one of Disraeli's early novels. On the balcony, by the way, that used to run round Londonderry House in those days "Dizzy" stood to watch the Coronation procession of Queen Victoria.

The W.V.R. The strings of diamonds, like the strings of Gottlieb, belong for the time being to the past; they make no appearance at Lady Castlereagh's headquarters in Marylebone. Though the W.V.R. did its first route-march the other day in full dress, Lady Castlereagh is still in mufti: circumstances do not as yet require that its leader should get into uniform. But even out of uniform she has the look of being remarkably business-like. At Bedford College, in Baker Street, turned into the War Office of the movement, she falls into line with somewhat plain surroundings—as best she can.

Colonel Lady Castlereagh. Colonel-in-Chief of the

Women's Volunteer Reserve is her correct title. She is seconded by the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, familiar in the streets of London before the war as the clever driver of a brisk "Votes for Women" dog-cart. Mrs. Haverfield was an out-and-out Militant, ready to face a hostile street crowd, and to tussle single-handed, as she did on one occasion, with hooligans who tried to upset her vehicle and appropriate her whip. Lady Castlereagh was never that type of Suffragist, but she is not outdone by Mrs. Haverfield as a practical roadswoman. Her own Mercédès car was one of the first to appear in London; she has ridden as long as she can remember, hunted since she was a girl, and learned shooting and stalking in the best school of English sportsmanship—her father's.

The Objective. The odds are against Lady Castlereagh being allowed to handle a military rifle, albeit she is capable of doing so. Some of the robuster spirits in the new corps are quite ready to demand that they should be allowed to carry arms against an invader; but a Government which refused them the vote on the ground that it was unfeminine will probably refuse

them weapons. In any case, Lady Castlereagh and her women see abundant work before them, quite apart from actual participation in the war. They are women of experience, common-sense, and of sufficient sense of humour to enable them to do the things that are right for them to do, and to leave undone the things outside their scope. Their title explains their aims. They are Volunteer Reserves; they will fill, whenever there is a call, the places vacated by actual fighters. They will be trained as signallers, despatch-riders, telegraphists, and motorists, for they know well enough that they can be more useful somewhere behind the first line than in it.

Reserve, in two senses, and one of them entirely womanly, is the right word.

Fighters. It has always been taken very much for granted in the Londonderry family that the men-folk join the Army. Of one Lady Londonderry it is remembered in the annals of tailoring and cutting that she went to Savile Row to order a uniform for her son when he was fourteen days' old. "Fourteen years, your Ladyship means?" queried the tailor. "No; days!" she answered, "and have it ready within a month." The same fighting tradition, perhaps, accounts for Lord Londonderry's and Lord Castlereagh's whole-hearted support of Sir Edward Carson. They are up to the hilt in his cause, even to the point of giving battle. A war of nations was the only distraction potent enough to draw them from the thought of civil war.

Daughter of England. At a moment when the future Lady Londonderry is responsible for a whole regiment of women-workers in khaki, it is interesting to recall that a previous Lady Londonderry set to her sex an extraordinary example of competence and enterprise. During a crisis in the fortunes of her husband's family, she took over the entire management of the London-

derry coal-mines, did a man's work and more, at the desk, inspected the coal-fields, solved problems of labour, and finally set things right. But it is not to the example of warlike Londonderry babies and business-like Londonderry ladies that we need look for the origins of Lady Castlereagh's initiative. She is the daughter of the inexhaustible Mr. Henry Chaplin. It might well be expected that the sister of a Sir John French would, in her own sphere, be a leader; we know the strength of Mrs. Despard. In the same way we are aware of the expected qualities in Mr. Chaplin's daughter. She is brave and capable, a devoted mother, a keen sportswoman, with a dash of the soldier. In other words, she is wholly and completely English, and English of the best kind, thorough, keen, and competent.



COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE: VISCONTESS CASTLEREAGH.

Lady Castlereagh, wife of Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the Marquess of Londonderry, and heir to the title, was, before her marriage to Lord Castlereagh in 1899, well known in Society as Miss Edith Chaplin, daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, P.C. Lady Castlereagh has four children—Lord Stewart, born in 1902, and the Hons. Maureen, Margaret, and Helen Vane-Tempest-Stewart, born, respectively, in 1900, 1910 and 1911. Lord Castlereagh's country home is Springfield, Oakham.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

SWEETENING WAR-BITTERNESS: ACTORS SELLING CHOCOLATE.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

MISS MARY MALONE (MRS. GODFREY TEARLE);
AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.



MISS ISOBEL ELSOM AND MISS ELSIE SPENCER.



MISS UNITY MORE AND MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

During the past week, a number of well-known members of the theatrical profession acted as sales-people at a London store, disposing of chocolate to assist the Belgian Relief Fund.—[Photographs by *Topical*.]

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIERS

THE "greatly exaggerated" report that Colonel George Cornwallis-West had been shot as a spy began with the milder but still utterly ridiculous story that he had been confined in the Tower. At any rate, he was there in good company—of the imagination. For several weeks it was common knowledge that a Prince was among the prisoners; it took no time to tack on the information that he was also a Lord of the Admiralty. This rumour was at its height a week or two before Prince Louis of Battenberg's resignation; but he, instead of presenting himself in the flesh at his lawyer's office, called at Buckingham Palace. The record of his call, published in the *Court Circular*, was the best possible way of contradicting the slander.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN RICHARD R. VAUGHAN THOMPSON: THE HON. ISABEL SHAW.

The Hon. Isabel Shaw is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Shaw of Dunfermline, 1, Palace Gate, and Craigmylne, Aberdeenshire. Captain Vaughan Thompson, of the Royal Fusiliers, is the only son of the late Mr. E. Vaughan Thompson and Mrs. Vaughan Thompson, of Sheen Wood, East Sheen.

Photograph by Swaine.

helped to defend Antwerp is in itself sufficiently interesting. The Naval Division is "Winston's Own"; the First Lord, a few months after his mother had finally renounced the gallant Colonel's name, was also in Antwerp. The reunion of a Churchill and a Cornwallis-West in the trenches or just outside them is one of the thousand small romances of the war.

An Elastic Name. Although Colonel George Cornwallis-West has succeeded in changing the famous names of two famous women—Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—his own style has remained more or less vague. Few people before the war were quite clear as to whether he should be called Mr. West, Mr. Cornwallis-West, Mr. George West, or Mr. George Cornwallis-West, and

his lawyer's letter to the papers adds to the uncertainty. The heading given it in the *Times* is "Colonel Cornwallis-West," which, without a doubt, is the rightful title, not of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's husband (the gentleman intended), but of his father. In the letter itself, two variants occur—"Lieut.-Colonel George Cornwallis-West" and "Colonel West." One thing, however, is quite clear: all the silly rumours were about one and the same man.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT C. RONALD MCIVER: MISS "PAT" GREENE-DICKSON.

Miss "Pat" Greene-Dickson is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Greene, of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Janvrin Dickson, of Elstree, Herts.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

"Winston's Own" and Another.

That Colonel George Cornwallis-West should have been in command of a battalion of the Royal Naval Division which



A NEW PEER: THE SECOND EARL OF FEVERSHAM.



A NEW PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF FEVERSHAM.

By the death of the first Earl of Feversham, on Jan. 13, at the great age of eighty-five, the very popular grandson of the late Earl, so well known as Viscount Helmsley, and the equally well known Viscountess, who, as Lady Marjorie Blanche Eva Greville, daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick, was married to Lord Helmsley in 1904, became Earl and Countess of Feversham. They have two sons and a daughter, the elder son, now Viscount Helmsley, born in 1906; and the Hons. David William Ernest and Mary Diana Duncombe, being born, respectively, in 1910 and 1915. Lord Feversham is Lieut.-Colonel Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry and M.P. for the North Riding of York, Thirsk and Malton Division.

Photographs by Lafayette.

A New Boyhood. The Head of Eton has given us enthusiastic impressions of a public school in war time, and from other quarters comes the same tale of England's rejuvenated youth. A master known to all Sherborne boys had, the last story goes, to punish a boy for reading surreptitiously after finishing the test paper of the hour under the stipulated time. When the boy had repeated the seventy-five lines of "Paradise Lost" that were his penance, the master, out of mere idle curiosity, asked him what was the book he had broken the rules for. "'Infantry Training,' Sir," came the answer.

An Act of Imagination.

The most obvious change in the schoolboy is, of course, the temper in which he goes to drill. Mr. Mais, whose paper in the *Cornhill* is full of good things, recalls that, a bare six months ago, every public school had at least one anti-corps brigade. In those days it was quite honourable to "grouse" at parade. Isolated cases there may be of boys to whom the corps is still a "silly rag"; but they are the "aliens"—they are outside the new life of the public school, and they are extremely rare. "Even mathematics," says Mr. Mais, "seem to have gained from the reflected glory of military ardour. Punishment died a natural death with the beginning of the war. I started this term with twenty boys, of whom eleven have left me with commissions; of the remainder I expect not one will take his papers, yet all of them are working hard in order to qualify—an act of imagination which is little short of astounding."

The Feilding Engagement. Lady Marjorie will be the first of the seven Feilding sisters to marry. The "Newnham Commando," as



ENGAGED TO SIR GEORGE DUCKWORTH-KING BT.: MISS BARBARA SCOTT MAKDOUGALL.

Miss Makdougall, of Mackerstoun House, Roxburghshire, is shortly to be married, quietly, to Sir George Duckworth-King, Bt., of the Grenadier Guards. Sir George, who is only twenty-three, is the sixth Baronet, and has been wounded in the present war.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



TO MARRY MISS "PAT" GREENE-DICKSON: LIEUTENANT C. RONALD MCIVER.

Lieut. McIver, Royal Engineers whose engagement to Miss "Pat" Greene-Dickson has just been announced, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. McIver, of Beechfield, Heswall, Cheshire.

Photograph by G. Parker.

keenness with which they have all thrown themselves into the distractions of the field.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.



TOMMY (*trying to get a recruit, and not knowing his man*) : Garn ! I b'lieve yer afraid o' them Black Marias.
BILL (*ex-convict*) : Wot ? Think I ain't seed a Black Maria long afore you did ?



THE discount put upon cavalry in trench-warfare is, obviously, a grievance to many ambitious soldiers. The great charge at Compiègne—the only cavalry charge worthy the name from the purist's point of view—is the exception to a rule that has tried the patience of whole regiments of spirited men and horses. One officer, by the way, seriously wounded in that charge, is making an excellent recovery. He led the 12th Lancers, was hit in the thigh, and is now passing his convalescence under the care of his mother, Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, at Castletown, Kilkenny.

Lord Ninian's Coming and Going. Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart came home among a recent batch of four-day-leave men, and returns to the Continent with a new zest. Hitherto he has been working behind the lines; the reward for much useful work accomplished at a base is that his desire to be moved right forward will probably be granted.

It is one thing to go out with the prospect of spending your time on the staff of, say, a transport officer, and quite another to make straight for the trenches. That is why all his previous good-byes had to be repeated before this last journey. Good luck to him!

An Elbow, and Worse. Now that he is out and about, the

mystery of Lord Castlerosse and his wound is no mystery. His presence in London, with both arms, is a good enough answer to the repeated statement that he is a prisoner in Germany, and to the more recent rumour that he would lose an arm as a consequence of his injury. That he was a prisoner is true enough; but a bed-ridden prisoner in Flanders has a far better chance of escape than a whole-limbed captive in Germany. He was left in a hospital captured by the enemy

A GENEROUS GIVER TO OUR SOLDIERS : LORD MICHELHAM.

Lord Michelham has given and fitted up an ambulance-train of twenty-one coaches for the use of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Lady Michelham, who has been nursing the wounded at Biarritz since the war started, has now gone north to join the ambulance-train given by her husband. Lady Michelham is President of the League of Mercy.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

and since re-captured by the Allies. As for his wound, it was so serious that it is possible the amputation story might well have come true had not his case been taken up in the nick of time by a clever German surgeon. As it is, Lord Castlerosse will probably have a permanently stiff elbow, but he makes light of that particular injury. What distresses him far more is the memory of the really ghastly things that happen less than a hundred miles away.

Tommy, R.A. It has been prophesied that the war will mean the finish of Post-Impressionism and of a number of other impish aesthetic manias. But what if whole regiments of Tommies at the front are learning to paint like Van Gogh, or worse? Soldiers are, as a matter of fact, having their whack with paints in France. They are given pots and brushes, and told to do what they

like on the tarpaulin covers of guns and wagons. One splashes on blue, another red, and so on, until Lady Drogheda's drawing-room would look quite colourless in comparison. The military excuse for making a new sort of R.A. out of Royal Artillerymen is that flat colour makes too good a target for the German gunners, but that violent broken colour is invisible at a great distance.

Another American. Another American is raised to the Peerage by the death last week of the fourth Lord Huntingfield, the wife of the new baron being a daughter of the late Judge Crosby of New York. Miss Crosby was very popular in London and Rome, before her marriage two years ago, and will doubtless make a valuable recruit to the large group of her countrywomen now working by every possible means in the interest of the land of their adoption. That their sympathies should be English goes without saying in England; but the fact that they have thought it worth while to make a formal declaration of



ENGAGED TO MISS DINAH TENNANT :
LIEUT. SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN, Br.
Lieutenant Sir Iain Colquhoun, or the Scots Guards, is the seventh Baronet. He returned from the war a few weeks ago, wounded.
He is Chief of the Clan Colquhoun.
Photograph by Lafayette.

their partisanship is some indication of the conflict of opinion in the States, where the alliance of all nationalities makes every degree of mixed feeling not only possible but probable.—Lady Huntingfield's father had much good law and hardly less verse to his credit: he was an industrious maker of poetry in his spare moments, and Lady Huntingfield shared his literary tastes and instincts. It happens, too, that the new Countess of Feversham (her husband and Lady Huntingfield's succeeded to their titles on the same day) is a devoted reader of English poetry. Lady Feversham was a Greville, and, like Lady Warwick, is the possessor of a modern library of considerable interest.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN, Br. :
MISS DINAH TENNANT.

Miss Dinah Tennant is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tennant, of Innes House, Morayshire, and Lympne Castle, Kent.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

done to meet his requirements. When, the other day, he showed a particular fancy for the eldest daughter of the house, and hobbled after her on crutches, she ran away and locked the door on him.

RATION - AL ?



THE OFFICER: Can't you get down flatter than that?

THE PRIVATE: No, Sir; unless I stand up, Sir.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WARFARE.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE works of the beleaguered town stood up like scenery cut in steel against the dyspeptic sky. The town seemed to have been built where it was by a romantic dramatist, so picturesque and piled-up was its position. It was the core of a vast flat plain, and it stood up on a low run of hills like the knob on the top of a tea-pot cover. If it was picturesque, however, it was strong. It lorded the plain; there were no hills or vantage-points to dominate its works. Every yard of the plain at the hem of its skirt could be swept by great guns and little. Its miles of bomb-proof trenches and its leagues of wire entanglements fenced it with a ring of death.

It was holding out as steadily and impassively as it had held out for two months. Relieving armies might not reach it for a year, yet it would hold out as placidly obdurate for that time. Its food-supply was excellent; its granaries were full, and its herds of cattle browsed on the big greens within the lines sneeringly unconcerned about the shell-fire. Also it kept itself in intimate connection with the outer world. Its wires were down or cut; but a horde of its daring messengers and its equally daring spies wandered the country, even among the ranks of the besiegers, at will. It was a curious position. The besieging army possessed just enough men to outnumber decisively the garrison and to hold the town, but they had not enough in numbers to invest it thoroughly. Therefore the town took life and war placidly; therefore messengers and spies went their calm way over the countryside, visited the beleaguered lines in disguise, and reported with sedate coolness what was to be seen and heard.

The besiegers chafed under the sense of their own futility. They knew the town was theirs, but they had also learned by painful degrees the difficulties of taking it. They had thrust assault after assault at the indolent and impenetrable line; they had crept on to it in the day, they had tried to rush it at night. Every assault had failed. Thanks, indeed, to the happy circumstances of the siege, every assault was anticipated a day or so beforehand, the information brought in was acted upon, the attack met by a concentrated and alert garrison, and driven back. The besiegers had shot the men who might, or might not, be spies wholesale and retail; but the camp seemed germinated with them, and attacks on the strong works of the town continued in their settled habit of failure. Still, the attacking army had not yet relinquished the idea of assault—no beleaguered army may do that and live—though for weeks there had been no attempt.

For weeks the siege had lived on sullenly. The town stood up on its mound cynically and jeered at the investment. Above it now and then, and looking curiously livid against the hodon-grey sky, a tiny white cloud sprouted in a bulbous flower, bloomed for a moment, and then sagged drearily away. Now and then from the raw-ochre lines that meant its trenches a fountain of mud jumped towards the sky, burst open, showed a kernel red with fire, and expanded in a thousand darting edges, as the viscous and ink-black smoke of the high-power shell uncoiled aloft. The gunners in the investing lines glared at each of these smoke-clouds as though expecting that one at last must give birth to something definite. The artillery lieutenants watched the investing lines through their glasses with piercing and steady analysis. The gun-layer told a bored gun-crew that *that* packet had stirred them a lot—that there were heaps and lines of dead where that shell struck. The gun-crew thoroughly disbelieved him. The town remained as it was. Nothing happened. The slow and sleepy thudding of the garrison guns went off sombrely and lethargically, and nothing happened. The gun-crews knew that nothing ever would happen.

So weeks had gone on. Dreary days of siege; nights packed with the banked fire of excitement, of stealthy slidings through the rains of night, of the rave of resistance, the passion of heaped-up slaughter, the numbing fatalism of repulse. The men had begun to take to the dreariness of the days and the futilities of the nights as a habit. If they ever got into that town they would never know what to do with themselves during the days that followed. Latterly, even the night attacks had stopped, and only the coma of bombardment went on. Some of the infinitely wise in the ranks said that

this meant that the General had recognised his complete failure. Some of the infinitely wiser spoke darkly, nodded their heads sagely, and talked of the conserving of physical and numerical forces for a vast final assault that would sweep the defence before it as wind sweeps the straw. The General and his Staff said nothing, and looked worried while they said it. The spies noted all things, and when they sauntered into the town on their evening stroll reported everything with strict impartiality. The Commander of the garrison totted all the facts up, and gave the sum of his wisdom to his Chief of Staff.

"These men are desperate," he said. "They don't know it, but they are desperate. When next they attack they will be terrible. They will not care what happens to them—whether they die or do not die. We must watch well for that assault, and be strong for it. And if we defeat it we win. They will come on terribly, those men; but they will never come on again." The Commander arranged his face into lines of profound intellectuality. Several years ago a pleasant man who wrote military text-books, but who, unfortunately, had never heard a gun fired, had called his attention to the fact that there was a thing called "the psychology of warfare." The Commander had liked the idea, and had become a high priest of the cult. When the Chief of the Staff saw the look on the Commander's face he knew how great a thing the "psychology of war" was. But he was a plain man, and he said curtly—

"Wonder where they'll rush us?"

The Commander thought for a moment.

"Frontal," he said. "They've broken the curtain south-east of Twenty Mètre Fort. They're shelling it steadily too, widening the breach as well as preventing us repairing. They'll come at us there. It would have the air of a grand assault, you know; it will give their men a sort of glamour of despair."

"It'll give us gyp, anyway," growled the unpsychological Chief. "They probably know the lie of the land is as weak as it could be just behind there. It will take a devil of a lot of holding."

"You've minded, of course?"

"There are about fifty dormant Etnas under the glacis, and I've put in a *fougassee* or two extra for safety. We've cut the ground into a warren of *trous-de-loup*, and we've meshed barbed wire until we're dizzy. We've put in an extra line of mitrailleuse-pits and traverses, and we've razed a block of workmen's dwellings so that the guns of Ten Mètre Fort can swing on the place. We've made it as sound as the wretched lie will let us, and I promise you they'll have to walk through Hades if they want to get through. I don't think they can do it. Flesh and bone and blood can't stand what they'll get at the gap by Twenty Mètre. And if they know anything about war, they must know that."

The General shook his head.

"Oh, we'll beat them off—no doubt at all we will beat them off. But these men are desperate. Even if they knew (I don't think they know at all) what we had ready for them, they would still come on against the gap. If you understood human nature you would understand what I mean. They will come on terribly. They are in a state that is reckless of all things."

And apparently the Commander was right. His casual spies began to bring him in reports that prophesied a reckless plan of attack.

The investing camp was stirring out of its sluggish torpor of weeks. The long rest was culminating in a new nerving of forces. The investing camp was undoubtedly preparing for an attack.

Fresh troops had trickled up into the lines. They had come in batches, as though their numbers ought to be kept secret. But the lounging spies met them as they came in, gave them cigarettes as the real soldiery of the siege-lines gave them cigarettes, and in the chatty conversations that followed the spies learnt all there was to learn. Then, rolling up towards the front, there came many stiff-framed wagons, and on those wagons a singular multitude of doors and planks and table-tops.

To the uninitiated those planks and doors and table-tops might

[Continued overleaf.]

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have had a merely mystical significance, but the spies were not uninitiated or mystical. They knew what they were for. They were bridges, those queer pieces of wood—bridges for the *trous-de-loup*, the ditches, and even the barbed wire of the defences. The Chief of the garrison Staff, as he read the reports, had a long broad ditch excavated just inside the gap in the curtain. It was broader than any door or table or plank. The sides of it shelved just enough to allow the shrapnel of the forts to play in the most deadly fashion; and in the bottom of the ditch, and covered with tarpaulin in wet weather, was placed a great pile of branches, barrel-staves, and all kinds of light broken wood, and all the wood was steeped in petrol. When the attack got into that ditch the efficient soldier who was to fire the incendiary bomb would press an electric-button, and the uproaring flames would do the rest.

And the investing camp was still gathering the emotional and material forces for its enormous assault. Officers went round the lines selecting men with rigorous care; 2000 men of the finest and most resolute type were picked from the thousands in the camps. And these men were put through strange evolutions. Each day a batch of frantic Engineers was busy erecting impossible intricacies of barbed wire. Each day the picked 2000 advanced on these wire intricacies, rushed them with a growing efficiency of cunning, fell on them and ripped them to tatters. Each of the thousand men was furnished with a first-class pair of wire-nippers, and those wire-nippers had electricity-resisting handles of vulcanite. In other parts of the camp stolid soldiers performed queer rituals with the doors and planks, rushing them up to all manner of curious obstacles, bridging those obstacles with them, and swarming across at a run.

The Chief of the Staff wrinkled his nose when he heard of this, and worried his own Engineers into throes of invention. He wanted something to stop those wire-nippers. In the end a bright brain disconnected some of the entanglements from the dynamo, and began to pave selected parts of the threatened glacis with prepared sheets of boiler-plate, steel and what other pieces of metal he could get. When the new pavement was down, the dynamo was switched into it. The cow they drove across it was dead after three steps.

But the investing force paid no attention to these things—mainly, perhaps, because it did not know of them. The strange sense of determination grew. The torpid lines were vivid with a new life. Scores of portable mitrailleuses arrived, box after box of rifle and hand grenades; and men went practising stolidly with biggish stones, flinging them at a measured mark.

Then a call went round for volunteers. Five thousand unmarried men were asked for special service, preference being given to those without dependents. The five thousand were chosen from a willing ten thousand, and when they were chosen it was suggested to them that will-forms could be had for the asking from every Quartermaster-Sergeant. There was a run on will-forms, and the Postmaster's office became overcrowded with last letters home.

The Chief of the Staff had a grey face when he met the Commander. The Commander, in spite of the pleasures of precise psychological deduction, was grave also.

"They mean it," snarled the Chief. "They mean it with a vengeance. They are going to get in this time, or they are all going to die. My lord, it's going to be Doré with red lights in it."

"They are desperate," said the Commander, glad to think that he had said it before. "We'll have to employ all our resources, every available man and every available gun, to beat them off. It will be a terrible business."

"I wish it was all over," growled the Chief; his face was gashed with all manner of lines of strength and anxiety. "This sort of waiting game plays all sorts of games with the nerves. I keep on building up the strength at that gap, I keep on putting in new and devilish things to kill them by the platoon, I keep on telling myself that they can't get through there—can't. But directly their big shells begin bumping into the place (and they've done it steadily all the time), directly I hear what they have been doing behind their infernal lines, I get the jumps. I begin to ask whether the gap is strong enough—whether, after all, it won't break down and let 'em through. Then I go scat, and pile up defences again."

"We can't pile up too many defences," said the Commander. "You've massed everything there you can?"

"Everything. The rest of the lines have been drained. I daren't take another man or gun away—but you've got the figures."

"Yes. I can see all you've done. It's good work. Still, I think we must take more—half of them—men from the River Line."

The Chief tried not to go mad.

"But we can't do it," he said, and he tried not to shout. "We can't reasonably do it. It would make the River Line absurd, tactically. There is no logic or reason that—"

"There is both," said the Commander; "and here it is."

He handed over a slip of official paper. It was the sort of slip the Chief of Staff knew well. It was a report from the

most reliable of the casual spies. It contained a few sentences, charmingly brief—

"The attack is to-night. It is frontal (*i.e.*, against the gap). Twenty-five surgeons and one hundred nurses have arrived in the enemy's camp; 10,000 beds were unloaded yesterday and made up in a great camp of the Red Cross Section."

The Chief of the Staff gasped as he read the report. He had nothing to say.

"Desperate," said the Psychologist of Warfare. "Desperate. Death or nothing—that is what those men mean. The human problem is simple. I think you had better draft the men from the River Line."

The Chief of the Staff swung about, went to the telephone. He was ringing up the Brigadier in command of the River Line. Ten thousand Red Cross beds—there was no arguing against that.

A few minutes after twelve every gun in the investing line opened fire. The abrupt and tremendous noise of the massed guns leapt and rebounded from heaven with its huge shout of battle. The gap and all about the gap became as an inferno with the smashing plunge of great shells, the red flaring, the shattering concussions, the threshing fragments, and the thick, whirling fumes of their bursting. All the beleaguered line was blazing with the acid fire of killing. Then through the roar and beat of the great guns there came the shrill rippling of the rifles, the sewing-machine whirring of the advancing mitrailleuses. Against this awful noise, like the ghost of sound made by wraiths in a full-bodied uproar, there lifted up the thin and frantic voices of men cheering. Against those voices, not against the guns, the full powers of the town opened in a crash.

The line of defence became insane with noise. Every arm that could be fired went off, continued to go off in a frenzied crescendo. Out from their tiny hooded casemates the great swords of the searchlights leaped to meet the attack. The plain was inundated with white light. Like men struggling in a swamp of radiance, many little figures could be seen struggling towards the town. The guns roared in unison. Over the figures, about the figures, amid them, under them, crackling, sparkling, blazing light, throwing off veils and snakes of smoke, there was at once a vast crackling outburst that seemed to promise the illumination of some great pyrotechnic set-piece, now fired for display. In the confusion of smoke and light the struggling figures were enveloped and obscured. But the guns went on roaring, the shells went on exploding, the fire and smoke curled and wreathed about the ground perpetually. It all seemed to go on for hours.

The Chief of the Staff, who was watching, was at first glad, as a practical man is glad when at length he has his own work to do. Then slowly his face became puzzled. He began to peer forward anxiously at the mist-tortured plain. He began to find something wrong with the attack. He was frowning. He was thinking that they were holding the attack too easily—that for desperate men the attackers were making but the feeblest impression. He was not a fool—he knew his defence was hideously strong; but he also knew that, strong though it was, good soldiers should have got up to its fringes by now—that they should have made some advance.

He could find no sign of advance.

He stood up, puzzled, almost afraid. He was listening to the texture of the attacking fire. What he heard seemed to puzzle him more. Suddenly he turned and ran to the Commander's casemate. He burst in through the door, began to shout—and then he stopped. The Commander was standing up. His face was ashy, he was shaking like a boy about to be thrashed. He saw the Chief and shrank back.

"We're done!" he shrilled. "We're destroyed! They're in. They've taken the town. They have broken through at the River Line. They're fighting through the streets. Even now they've caught our defence of the gap in the rear."

"In!" snarled the Chief. "How could they be in—"

"A ruse," cried the Commander. "I can see it clearly. A ruse. They knew our spies made good reports. They fed them on things to report. I can see it all: the reinforcements, the doors and tables, the wire-cutters, the—the 10,000 beds. All tricks. They knew we would fit them all in to a desperate plan of assault—a final and terrible assault on the gap they shelled so consistently. They planned those tricks. And we succumbed to them. The assault on the gap was a trick; while it was being performed, they sent their men to the rear of the town, to the River Line, the weak River Line, and—my lord, they got through!"

He stopped talking. From the heart of the town there came the savage beat of massed rifle-firing—rifle-firing that was sewn together by the tireless jiggling of the sewing-machine maxims. They knew what that was. It was the enemy firing into the rear of the defence. A wild and frantic babel of fear-wrung shouting followed the spate of the firing.

The Chief of the Staff, with a lowering and snarling face, walked to the table. He unhitched his sword, lifted it breast high, dropped it on to the green baize cloth with a heavy bang.

"Tricked!" he snarled. "Tricked by the silliest of tricks. Tricked after all our work. By God, is this your psychology of warfare—or theirs?"

THE END.

FOR USE WHEN AMMUNITION IS EXHAUSTED.



A SUGGESTION TO THE GERMANS: THE CEMENT-SQUIRT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLEY.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Germany Ostracised.

Without the Allies being vindictive or cherishing unreasonable animosities, it seems clear that after the Great War is over Germany will find

herself ostracised among the civilised nations. Even her own professors, although confident of "victory," deplore that she has so few friends—that, in fine, this wonderful product of science, militarism, and Kultur does not "please." If, even in peace-time, "gay" Berlin did not attract cultivated people of other nations, what will not be her isolation after the barbarities which her proud army and navy have perpetrated in Belgium, England, and France? We shall not like to sit at table again, to meet in social intercourse, inhabitants of any part of Germany, for the Bavarians and Würtembergers have proved themselves as wanting in ordinary humanity as the Prussians. So, too, has the indignation been aroused of those "intellectuals" in the United States who looked to Germany for their culture, who revelled in her music, and who hastened to German universities to study philosophy, science, and history. I imagine those universities will be singularly free from the presence of any Anglo-Saxon students in the years to come. So, too, with her "baths" and cures, and her centres for music, such as Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig. Homburg, since King Edward left off going there, has been curiously shorn of its modishness; and I do not imagine that Wiesbaden, Ems, and Nauheim will be used by English, French, or Americans for many a long year to come. We shall find the waters of our Spas, together with those of France, quite as efficacious as need be. English and American girls will be sent to Paris, Brussels, or Milan to "finish" their education, and Dresden will relapse into a dowdy third-rate capital. It will no longer be a sign of cultivation to speak German fluently; and, let us hope, the rotten ethics of Nietzsche—so much more dangerous because written in sonorous and beautiful language—may happily be cast into oblivion.

When Germany was the Fashion. There is no doubt that Thomas Carlyle, hypnotised by the great Egoist, Goethe, made Germany a cult in England in the middle of the nineteenth century. These congeries of small States in mid-Europe hardly existed for England before then. We got our notions of the Fatherland chiefly from sausages and German "bands," and have retained them, at least in caricature, ever since. The Teuton was always rotund, short, blowsy, bearded and spectacled, and addicted to china pipes and mugs of beer. He was invariably depicted blowing a brass trumpet—which may have been a symbolical portent of a national attitude yet to come. This, to be sure, is still the average Londoner's view of the German; in the East End, I understand, they currently refer to sausages as "Kaisers." But in the great and high-browed English upper-middle class Germany,

after Carlyle, and especially after 1870, began to be a mysterious idol to be approached with awe and worshipped with unreasoning ecstasy. All girls and boys of "cultivated persons" were despatched to Germany—whether north or south did not matter—to complete their education. Some of them came back complete sceptics in religion, though they had learned to roll their "r's" and had a professional touch on the piano. The stupid learnt nothing at all, and were merely bewildered by so much scientific jargon as well as that German *Schwärmerie* which used to be the terror of Prosper Merimée. Fortunately, of late years this inevitable year in Germany has been usually preceded—at any rate with English girls—by a year in Paris. Their residence there taught them pretty manners and how to put on their veils—two accomplishments they would never learn in the Fatherland did they stay there a decade.

Germany's Two Ideals.

For the last ten years Ger-

many has been torn between two ideals—that of being an up-to-date, modish country, with an upper class founded on British ideals, wearing London clothes, playing English games, taking cold baths and evening dress as a matter of course; and that of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles," including its own home-grown "champagne," dreadful reach-me-downs, and its over-coloured art, architecture, and bawling operasingers, who, however, are usually far better actors and actresses than is the Anglo-Saxon or the Italian variety. Thus poor Germany has been rent in twain by traitors within her own borders. The Teuton not being a *personā grata* in Paris nor in French watering-places, he has been coming of late years in increasing numbers to London, to Cowes, and to all our modish resorts. The Austrians, who are not parvenus like the Prussians, and therefore need not affect anything, have long taken kindly to English sports—racing, yachting, and shooting—and many of them have houses and estates in these islands. We shall miss them if they come no more; but if Austro-Hungary makes peace at some reasonably early date we shall welcome back those kindly and perfect-mannered gentlefolk who spend part of their time within hail of Newmarket.



AMUSING VAGARIES OF THE HAT.

On the left is an original toque made of black velvet, with one large metal rose at the root of a high fan of velvet. Suitable for a young girl is the jockey-cap on the right, made of sealskin, surrounded by a wreath of dull silver leaves, and a peak of blue velvet. The lower figure wears a large hat of raven-blue velvet, with two skeleton feathers tied at the base with a tiny bow of moiré ribbon.

Invitations to the Trenches.

In some respects this is an amazing, not to say a droll, war. Intercourse between the firing-line and London is so easy—at least, by post—that you write to your soldier-friends to know if they "can dine and do a play," and you receive an answer rather more quickly than if these gallant youngsters in crack regiments were still in England and pursued with their usual plethora of invitations. It is a wise War Office which gives its junior officers a trip home pretty frequently, but I fancy the innovation is absolutely unique in a great war.



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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Naval and Military Princes. The King's two sons are workers. Save for about a week at the New Year, the Prince of Wales has had no leave since he began training, which was very soon after the war broke out. Prince Albert is busy at the Admiralty, studying many things, and he keeps as regularly to his hours as any clerk. Occasionally he goes to a theatre or music-hall, and thoroughly enjoys himself. The King and Queen are to be congratulated on the characters of their two grown-up sons.

What They Think of the Men. I know a very charming, picturesque, and sweet-natured, silvery-haired Scots lady. Of her sons, more than half are either fighting or training to fight. She says that as she goes about and sees the beautiful big soldiers in their uniforms, well-set-up, stalwart, and genial, she just wants to go and shake hands with them and say how she loves them for what they are doing. It struck me that she voiced what thousands of women feel—that every happy warrior in his workmanlike khaki stands for all the heroes who have fought and died, are now fighting or lying wounded, or are training to fight, and that we all



A CANADIAN CAMP ROMANCE: THE WEDDING OF LIEUTENANT KENNETH EDMISTON AND MISS MARION ALLAN.

Lieutenant Kenneth Edmiston, 19th Alberta Dragoons, Canadian Expeditionary Force, was married last week at Netheravon, Salisbury, to Miss Marion Allan, who also is a Canadian. They were to have been married in Canada, but there was not time; so, when Lieutenant Edmiston found that he was to remain in England for some while he sent for his fiancée, and the result was the picturesque wedding which we illustrate.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

feel that khaki is the wear of Honour. The men to pity are those of fighting age who stick to civilian clothes and civilian ways. The formation of Home Defence Volunteer Corps put such men in a pitiable position. They cannot belong to them, and they are consequently counted as women in case of invasion, and would have to go with the women to such safety as could be secured, out of the way of the combatants. I have always hoped that badges would be issued to men who had tried to enlist but failed, either by reason of physical unfitness or because they were engaged in Government service or in work connected with the equipment of the fighting forces. The badges would show them to be real men, not mice masquerading.

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Company, 125, High Holborn, W.C. It gives all the grades illustrated, and all the specialties and prices, together with much valuable information about the care and treatment of watches. The Waltham Company have a watch the parts of which are unaffected by magnetism. It is one which would be invaluable to men employed near dynamos. The "Riverside" Waltham Watch family is one whose acquaintance no one will regret making.

Bright and Shining. More than ever now we value brightness in our surroundings and in our homes. War, although we are going on with it in quiet confidence of success, is not the cheeriest of experiences for a country. It therefore behoves us to keep bright everything that should shine. "Dazzleine" is an instant polish for gold, silver, and plate. Its effect is brilliant and lasting, and it does not scratch or hurt the silver, nor does it soil the hands. It is certified by the public analysts free from all acids and poisons, and is distinctly labour-saving. It was introduced a few years ago, and was speedily adopted by leading gold and silver smiths and jewellers, and is sent for from all parts of the world. It costs only 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. a bottle, and is sold by all dealers and stores. It obviates any necessity for powder, and consequent dust. A little is poured on a soft cloth or cotton-wool, and the article polished either with the same or another cloth.

The Premier Earl. Not to many a man has it fallen that his only grandson should be christened three days before his only son was buried. So it fell for our Premier Earl, Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot—himself, unfortunately, ill. The Earldom dates from 1442, and the family has played a conspicuous part in the history of the country, and given it famous soldiers, diplomats, statesmen, and Churchmen. The late Lord Ingestre was a fine soldier, but it was not his fate to die in the field fighting for his country, as doubtless he would have desired, but of pneumonia at home. Everyone who knew Lord Ingestre liked him; he was handsome, had the breeziest of charming manners, and was nice to everyone. He had up to the beginning of last month three daughters; then the precious son was born who was christened only three days before his father's funeral.

The Coming Months. We cannot look for a normal season, since the business of all of us is to get our victory first and our pleasures afterwards. It seems probable that Courts will be held: the women of our country have never been more worthy of royal recognition than now. Race-meetings have been fixed up; Derby Day is arranged for June 2, Ascot Week is fixed to begin on the 15th; Eton and Harrow, July 9 and 10. Nothing is said of a Royal Naval and Military Tournament or of an International Horse Show. These fixtures are off, for very obvious reasons. On the whole, however, with differences, we shall go ahead steadily and quietly, making the best of things.



SAVED FROM THE "FORMIDABLE": ASSISTANT - PAYMASTER F. H. WAKEFORD.

Assistant-Paymaster F. H. Wakeford was one of the few officers who had the good fortune to be saved from the recent wreck of H.M.S. "Formidable."

Photograph by H. Wheeler.

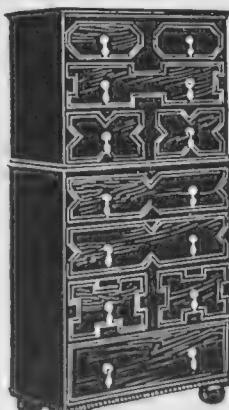


A GREAT GUN AND A POPULAR CAR: THE "TSAR PUSHKA" AND A "NAPIER."

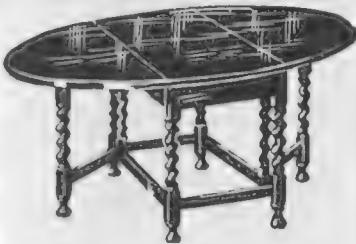
The historic Russian cannon known as the "Tsar of Cannons" was cast in A.D. 1586, and stands in the Kremlin, Moscow. It is decorative as well as theoretically destructive (for it has never been fired), and weighs 36 tons without its carriage. Its size may be gauged by comparison with the Colonial Napier car which stands alongside, and with the men standing by the monster gun. The Colonial Napier is a special favourite in Russia, and the Imperial Russian Government have given Messrs. D. Napier and Son large orders for all kinds of cars and vehicles.



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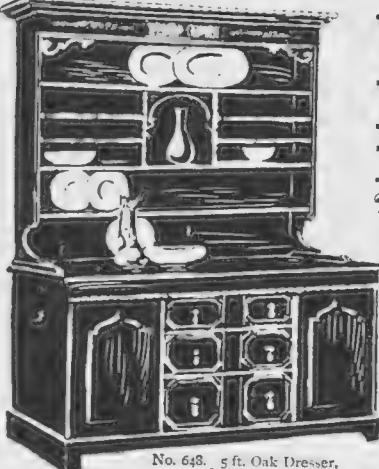


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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A SPLENDID RECORD OF BENEVOLENCE : MOTORING THROUGH WATER : IMPROVING THE ROADS.

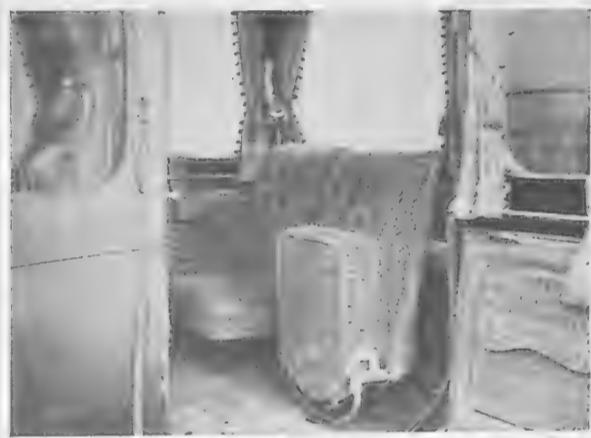
A Noteworthy Achievement.

Remarkable in every way has been the extent of the public's response to the numerous funds which have been established for various purposes in connection with the war; but to the motorist there is nothing more interesting than the splendid record of benevolence which has been attained in respect of motor-ambulances. The *Times* Fund alone is amazing. The sum allocated by the donors to the provision and maintenance of motor-ambulances has already passed the round total of £300,000; but this does not by any means represent all that has been achieved in this direction, for motor-cars valued at £116,000 have been given by their owners directly to the Red Cross Society, while the St. John Ambulance Association has received a further supply worth £89,200. The sum-total of these benefactions, therefore, is well over the half-million, without any reference to the innumerable cases in which motorists have fitted up their cars as ambulances and presented them to hospitals in their own vicinity. Many again, have been given to

thoroughfares; sometimes lengthy diversions have been necessary. Large warning notices have also been posted at various places, while the provision made for the safety of traffic has been available both day and night.

Money Well Spent. The great opportunity which the present crisis has provided for the betterment of our roads and the relief of unemployment was duly emphasised a short time ago in these columns. It is satisfactory now to learn that the Road Board has been acting upon this policy since the war began, and its seventeenth list of grants dealing with the last quarter of the year shows that the sum of £337,939 has been disbursed. Of this amount, improvements to road-crusts absorbed £219,774; road widenings and improvements of curves and corners, £80,994; road diversions, £6134; reconstruction and improvements of bridges, £4620; and new roads and bridges, £26,467. The total advances made and indicated to Dec. 31 amounted to £5,954,304. For once in a way, London has received the lion's share, last quarter's grant being £56,179, while Surrey came next with £40,028. Remembering what good work was done in Kerry during the Irish famine, it is interesting to note that that county is again to be assisted, a substantial grant of £27,600 having been awarded it.

A Useful Manual. One of the most useful manuals for the motorist is the R.A.C.'s "Table of Motor-Cars," which has just appeared for 1915. It is compiled with scrupulous care by the technical department, and contains particulars as to the number of cylinders, bore and stroke dimensions, and R.A.C. rating of all the cars now on the market. Its special value, however, lies in the fact that it also includes details



A "GOLD" CAR FOR INDIA: AN INTERIOR VIEW.
Full details of the car are given below our other photograph.

the French Red Cross Society, or have been taken across the Channel by their owners in person and used between the field and base hospitals. Private motor-cars, moreover, are every day being used for the purpose of giving fresh-air runs to wounded soldiers and conveying refugees from railway stations to their allotted homes; while the name is legion of cars which have been placed at the disposal of officers all the country over. Verily motorists and motor-cars have played their part in the present crisis, and one can but hope that the fact will be remembered when the war is over, and that the last remnant of hostility on the part of the public and the police will have died away.

Motoring and the Floods. Never have motorists "enjoyed" such extraordinary experiences as those which have been reported from many directions during the past two months, owing to the abnormal rainfall. While the Thames, of course, has been the chief culprit, the floods have been by no means confined to the riverside domains, and I have lately seen a vast amount of land under water in the course of two successive journeys, one from the West Country and the other from the Midlands. The Royal Automobile Club, however, took active steps to cope with the situation, and has been able to render assistance not only in advising inquirers as to the best routes from place to place to avoid the flooded area, but in preventing motorists from driving into flood-water by warning them on the spot and directing them over safe alternative roads. In order to enable the Club's staff to answer inquiries, personally or otherwise, daily reports have been obtained by telegram of the state of the roads in the affected districts, and by this means reliable information has been given in every case. Where the floods have been especially severe—as, for instance, in the Windsor district—the Club's touring guides have been placed on all the main roads to warn traffic and direct it over safer



A "GOLD" MOTOR-CAR FOR A LEADER OF THE MOSLEM COMMUNITY IN BOMBAY: THE ORNATE VEHICLE BUILT FOR MR. CASSAMALLY J. PEERBHoy—WITH A BUST OF ITS OWNER AS "MASCOT." This car, which is extremely ornate, has been supplied to Mr. Peerbhoy, who already owns several Daimlers, by the Bombay Motor-Car Company. The chassis is a Daimler special model, six-cylinder, 45-h.p. The body is by Mr. Arthur F. Mulliner. The exterior of the body is finished in gold-leaf, with blue mouldings and fine blue lines. The fittings are silver-plated. The interior is upholstered in light plush brocade, and there are silk window-curtains. The interiors of roofs and quarters are in polished, inlaid mahogany. The floor is richly carpeted. The car seats seven; and there is an outside seat on one of the steps for a syce. Among the devices fitted are two electric fans. In the place frequently occupied on the British cars by a mascot is a little bronze bust of the owner of the car.

of cars manufactured since 1911, and this is particularly useful to the buyers of second-hand cars who wish to compare the current types with their predecessors of the previous four years. Minor alterations, it must be remembered, are always liable to take place even in engines which nominally are the same. For example, to take sundry cases absolutely at random, one finds that the 15-h.p. Crossley had cylinders of 80 mm. by 120 mm. for the three years from 1912 to 1914, while the 15-h.p. of 1915 has 80 mm. by 130 mm. The 12-16-h.p. Hotchkiss had 80 mm. by 120 mm. from 1911 to 1913, but here again the stroke was increased by 10 mm. in 1914 and 1915; and whereas the 14-h.p. Humber engine of 1912 was 78 mm. by 110 mm., that of 1913 was 75 mm. by 130 mm., while for 1915 the stroke has been increased to 140 mm. The completeness of the lists makes this publication quite indispensable on these grounds alone. It also includes conversion and other tables of a type always likely to be wanted for reference.

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The purchase of our Allies' tyres has at least the excuse of chivalry, but it is as strategically wrong as it would have been to have split up our Expeditionary Force into units for the assistance of France, Russia, Belgium, Servia.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

AT the present there is a kind of conspiracy of kindness amongst the critics, and Dick Phenyl's famous demand for "praise, praise, praise" is almost realised. Indeed, it is quite pathetic to see our efforts to find "good in everything." Still, some of us were beaten by "A Daughter of England," the twice-a-night show at the Garrick Theatre. We tried hard, but the play was a staggerer. One expected during the war a debauch of rather crude melodrama concerning wicked Germans, brave Britons, and noble French folk; but not so crude as the work adapted from the French of M. E. V. Miller. I am inclined to suspect that E. V. Miller ought to be Joe Miller when thinking of the style of this tale about the virtuous English governess, a naughty Prussian Colonel, and the heroic French spy—though you must not say spy when we or our allies are engaged in espionage, for then the word "spy" is quite inappropriate. If the Germans were half as stupid as painted in the play, we should have a soft job; but, alas! they are not: and yet, goodness knows, their stupidity is almost past belief. If you have a very good dinner, and feel very well pleased with yourself and the world—and this is hard in our days—and leave your brains in the cloak-room (you are not obliged to pay sixpence in any theatre for leaving your brains in the cloak-room), you may be thrilled by such stories of adventure; and here ends my effort to see good in "A Daughter of England."

"Peg o' My Heart" has been called an American play, but I believe that the author, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, is English. Nevertheless, his picture of the English country-house folk does seem to come from the great country to which we owe many unusual plays. But it really does not matter that the Chichester family is somewhat incredible, for Miss Laurette Taylor is the play, and the other characters are merely satellites. London has taken the little lady to its great heart, and apparently she is willing to be taken. From the moment of her first appearance till the love-scene at the end she is triumphant, and draws laughter when and how she will. Happy actress, and happy public! She makes queer little noises, and it roars; angular movements, and it smiles; breaks suddenly into a laugh, and it guffaws; and all the time she is the central figure of the play as the shrewd, quaint little Irish girl, full of human nature according to the canons of the stage. As merry as a cricket, though I might say that my observations of that hideous, over-rated insect never led me to believe that it was merry; as jolly as a sand-boy—I wonder what a sand-boy is; *gai comme un pinson*, though the gaiety of a chaffinch is disputable; restless, ubiquitous, pathetic when she pleases—what more can one ask of an actress upon whom a play is founded, of a leading lady never permitted to wear fashionable clothes? So when the piece was transferred the other night to the Globe Theatre the house was crowded and the audience quite delighted. It would be unjust not to mention Mr. A. E. Matthews, who played admirably as the sweetheart of the Irish girl; Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, who played with much judgment in a very difficult part; Mr. Percy Ames, who was comic as a well-born bounder; and Messrs. J. H. Barnes and Albert Sims, who lent valuable aid.

Queen Alexandra has forwarded to the Committees of the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, cheques amounting to £8 12s. 3d. each, these sums being the result of the sale, during the past year, of the late Canon Fleming's sermon, "Recognition in Eternity." This sermon, published by Messrs. Skeffington and Son, of 34, Southampton Street, Strand, London, was preached at Sandringham Church on Jan. 24, 1892, and has realised a profit of £1802 9s., which her Majesty has divided in equal parts between the two institutions mentioned above.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

*"The Prussian Officer."*BY D. L. LAWRENCE.
(Duckworth.)

"The Prussian Officer" is the first of a group of stories so strong in one characteristic that, in spite of much variety of race and place, they easily can be classified as of one species: they are resonant with the mysterious violence of sex. That of the Prussian officer himself is so disturbing in its atmosphere of repressed suffering between two people, and so reminiscent of certain *causes célèbres* in Germany not a hundred years ago, that it is difficult to write about very fully. Whatever anyone thinks concerning it, and subtracting any special interest it may have for the moment, it will remain one of those horror-raising, attractive, terrible recounts from which no engagements—not that of the wedding guest himself—will be allowed to distract the reader till it is finished. "The Prussian Officer" is followed by a second military story, and then we are taken to the heart of a poor untidy vicarage in the mining country of England. Life was a difficult matter for each of its inmates—for the harassed, ordinary vicar; for the unlovely mother; for the two proud daughters who, besides tending the long family of younger boys and girls, taught little daughters of tradesmen, and gave lessons on the piano to colliers' daughters at thirteen shillings for twenty-six lessons. Mary and Louisa were both proud, but their pride parted the ways for them at husband-choosing time. Mary bought her position in the world, a position of freedom from sordid cares, by marriage with "a small, *chétif* man, scarcely larger than a boy of twelve, spectacled," with a body almost unthinkable, a mind inhumanly balanced and abstract, and a soul that lacked the full range of human feeling. He sneered, giggled, and "padded" about the house; but Mary married the "abortion," as her mother had exclaimed when first seeing him, for the sake of pecuniary ease. She showed herself "rigid against the agonies of shame and the terror of violation which came at first." She did her share proudly and justly, and bore children. Louisa's mate was another story. And Mr. Lawrence's poignant style was never more poignant than in her mating. It is like the touching of a wound; it is like the flashing of some sharp hot light, familiar and terrible. The remainder of the stories have the same intense personality to their making. They will doubtless evoke a flood of superlatives similar to those which followed the publication of previous work by the same author, and, in view of their most remarkable superiority to average fiction, not one word of it will appear too strong.

*"Cairo."*BY PERCY WHITE.
(Constable.)

There are few countries more charged with romance than Egypt, and Cairo, with Sphinx and Pyramids at a drive's distance from its jostle of East and West, is an attractive word in itself on the page of a novel. The first chapters of Mr. White's story are very serious indeed; they amount almost to a political essay upon Cairo's social government; but with Mrs. Donne, a perfectly charming lady with a shadow on her widowhood, the novel proper begins to unfold. She is a most daring, adventurous lady, out for fun of all reputable kinds, and of course she gets into trouble, and of course a nice, devoted Englishman is there to stand by and eventually get her out. That is exactly what a novel should be. Besides that, Mr. White does a number of things. He gets a vividly coloured picture of Cairo into the story; he suggests in a way far from trifling shades and problems of Egyptian society; and his young Abdul Sayed, with an Oxford polish, is a spirited portrait of a figure which much fiction has made familiar—the unhappy victim of two civilisations. Such tragedy as there is is confined to Eastern circles, where tragedy looms less terribly; and Mrs. Donne's affairs receiving adjustment at the hands of her nice Englishman, the last chapter leaves them very happily on a honeymoon journey home.

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January 20, 1915

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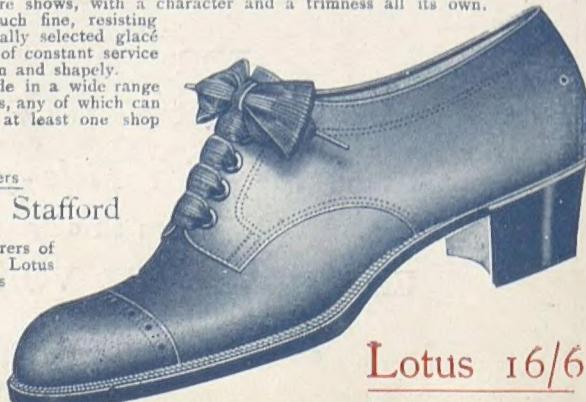
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